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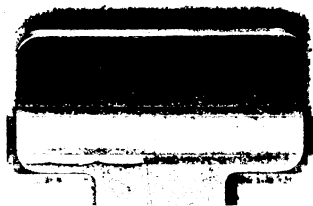
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With best wishes

*H. J. Hurley*

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# CINCINNATI

72

PRINTS  
FROM THE ETCHINGS OF  
ST. HURLEY



WITH COMMENT BY  
AMELIA HICKENLOOPER DUNHAM

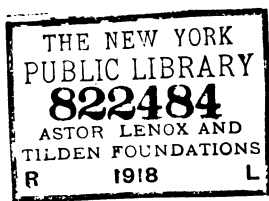
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How far back do you remember Cincinnati? Do you remember when there were no electric cars and the telephones were still miracles? When Martin's cable ran up Sycamore hill or when we went by bus to Avondale, out the country-winding Reading road, under the great tree arches? Do you remember the wooden covered bridge over Mill creek, and the little stream that Bank street took its name from? Do you ever think, when you look at that high two-headed hill to the west of the city, that it was left in that condition after its earth had been brought down by bucket and cable, to fill up that old creek? Do you remember the racing and the showing off of fine horses every evening along the beautiful, willow-shaded double drive of Spring Grove Avenue?

Did you take a long train journey to Glendale? Or did you, in the big carriage, with horse-hair trunk strapped on behind and servant's chaise sent on before, drive a-visiting to Dayton or Columbus? The first stop was for lunch, probably at the Brighton House or at the Inn at Knowlton's Corner, and the night was spent where the stage changed horses, at Springdale.

When you were a child did your visitors stop at the Pearl Street House, the Spencer House or the St. Nicholas? Did your father go to business to Fourth street, or Third, or the river front? Where and what was the Club? Were the inclines built? Did you go

to the Observatory or the Zoo by dummy? And did you ride your saddle-horse to Kentucky on the Ferry? What were the river steamers like? Did your brother go to the Spanish-American, the Civil, or the Mexican War? Were the big west-end houses Roumanian and Hungarian boarding houses or fashionable homes or suburban estates? Was your childhood in the forties, or the sixties or the eighties?

So fast we grow, so surely we change, that it all seems far away and tenderly indistinct. To us in a reminiscent mood, the city today seems like the new moon with the old moon in its arms.

The new moon with the old moon in its arms. You know the sky it sails in. Not the clear, deep blue of the full moon, nor the star-studded black of the crescent, nor the cloud-dappled slate of the half moon; but the misty gray or opalescent silver, with the stars just sheen and shimmer, not pin-pricks nor hung lamps.

The old moon in the new moon's arms—it means twilight and Indian summer, or the clear February evening; it means all that evanescent charm of the long-ago in the new, the hint you find in the girl of her mother, the scent you detect at the florist's that was in the fragrance of the old home garden, the lilt of the once sung song, the memory of an earlier day.

It is this charm that Mr. Hurley has sensed here and there in his beloved Cincinnati and has recorded in this little group of etchings. Beauty he has found before, and life—vivid, teeming, or reposeful, deep—he has found our woods and rivers, our spires and shrines, our snow and rain and sunshine. All these he has caught again in this netfull, but more. Like the Arabian fisherman he has drawn up a jar that frees a genie.

It is the genie of reminiscence, of suggestion, that floats out from these pictures; a suggestion of legend, and history, and romance; of the pioneer and Indian; of the steady growth of church and school and state. We see Columbia, Losantiville, Fort Washington, Cincinnati, the trading village of the twenties, the charming town of the forties, with its gardens sloping to the river and its distant vine-crowned hills; and we follow through the sixties and eighties, and the twentieth century to the now, not by wars and floods and riots, not even by commercial growth, industrial development, civic consciousness, but by a river-front hotel, a forgotten graveyard, a bit of architecture, an old home.

It is the old moon in the new moon's arms. Mr. Hurley shows the new moon too: the parish house stands beside Christ Church, automobiles are parked below the Eighth street spires, railroads parallel the river, the canal shows no traffic, the highest sky-scraper

west of the Alleghenies mounts guard over the city.

Perhaps the old moon's outline is a bit dim—but didn't you hear the click of the frontiersman's musket when the wild geese flew over Columbia, didn't you see a hooped skirt and a Union uniform go around the corner of the Spencer House, didn't you smell the grape-blossoms behind the Longworth cottage, don't you feel that you have caught the lovely haunting spirit of old Cincinnati in your arms?

Perhaps not, the fairies grant some to see so much more than others. Fortunately for us we have a real seer in our midst, a see-er and interpreter of visions, a recorder of "all that was, and is, and evermore shall be." Mr. Hurley commands two genii—the spirit of appreciation and the spirit of creation. I think his jar is a Rookwood one.

Frank Duveneck found Hurley out; Duveneck to whom Cincinnati is inspiringly in debt, not only for so much of its greatest art, but for so many of its younger artists. Mr. Hurley was Mr. Duveneck's pupil, and later, the sitter for one of his characteristic portraits, here reproduced for the frontispiece.

Though time has changed the pupil to a master in his turn, he is still—as we all would wish to be—Mr. Duveneck's most grateful friend and appreciative admirer.

**Cover—Looking down Vine from Fifth.**

**Frontispiece—**

**Portrait of E. T. Hurley by Frank Duveneck.**

- I The Ohio from Elmhurst Place.**
- II Produce Alley, Night.**
- III Pillar from Old Post Office, Columbia Cemetery.**
- IV Spires of Eighth Street.**
- V The Suspension Bridge.**
- VI The Fountain.**
- VII Garfield Statue, Eighth and Race.**
- VIII The Old Spencer House, Front and Broadway.**
- IX Scottish Rite Cathedral from Buchanan Alley.**
- X Carter Street, East End, Road to Chillicothe, 1789.**
- XI Christ Church, Fourth Street.**
- XII An Old Homestead, Pike Street.**
- XIII Basket Willows of Duck Creek Road.**
- XIV Lake at Spring Grove.**
- XV The Church on the Point, Mt. Adams.**
- XVI The Rookwood Gates.**
- XVII Fountain Square, in the Autumn Rain.**
- XVIII Bend of the River from Eden Park.**
- XIX The Plum Street Temple.**
- XX Longworth Cottage on Grandin Road.**
- XXI Ruins of the Highland House, by Moonlight.**
- XXII Along the Esplanade.**
- XXIII Canal at Brighton.**
- XXIV An Old Cemetery, Central Avenue and Chestnut Street.**
- XXV The Sunday Concert, Eden Park.**
- XXVI First Presbyterian Church, Fourth near Main.**
- XXVII Cabs and Cabbies, Sixth Street, 1906.**
- XXVIII The Monastery, Mt. Adams.**
- XXIX Brook at Olive Branch.**
- XXX Produce Alley, near Lower Market.**



**I.—THE OHIO FROM ELMHURST PLACE.**

Help me to put my dreams down  
Oh pictures of my town,  
All my dreams and memories  
Of the hills that frown,  
The waters that flow and flood,  
The roads that climb and stray,  
All my dreams and memories  
Of today and yesterday!



## II.—PRODUCE ALLEY, NIGHT.

It might be Florence in the moonlight—  
You look for a winding, outdoor stair,  
A carven lintel, a lantern's bracket,—  
You find a market wagon there.

Produce alley, near the old market;  
Ghosts of farmers in you sleep,  
Not titled dames nor knights in armor;  
You mean droves of pigs and sheep.

But you mean too that old conditions  
Change to better day by day;  
Tuscan feuds and public markets  
No longer needed pass away.



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III.—PILLAR FROM THE OLD POST OFFICE,  
COLUMBIA CEMETERY.

Standing so stately,  
Column and capital  
Carved to imitate  
A pillar of Greece—

You whose form was once used  
In temples of gods only,  
You have ever upheld  
What those gods signified—

Beauty and power,  
Strength and authority,  
Need of the people  
Met and relieved.

Rome loaned you to government;  
All nations have borrowed,  
Have used you equally  
For church or state.

You marked our government,  
And when your temple  
Made way for progress,  
You came out here,

To mark in a graveyard  
Lonely, deserted,  
The place men first landed  
To brave this frontier.

Oh column stately,  
The world over your brothers  
Guard over ruins  
Marking the great;

Are you glad that you, too,  
Fulfilling such destiny,



Still beautiful, sheltering,  
Stand upright and bear record?

Near the hills by the river,  
In the old Turkey Bottoms,  
Between freight trains and barges,  
And city and farms,

You maintain for those gone before  
The reverence of isolation,  
And turn by your presence  
Oh column of Greece,

A forsaken graveyard  
To a garden of memory,  
A place consecrated,  
A temple of God.

#### **IV.—SPIRES OF EIGHTH STREET.**

**Catholic, Calvinist, Publicist, Jew,  
This group of spires all pointing to Heaven  
Might form a seal to stamp as true  
The liberty to each citizen given.**





## V.—THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

You may see a sky-line,  
Or may see a river,  
May see boats and houses,  
But I see naught forever  
In this well-known view of ours,  
But a bridge hung from two towers.

Long did he dream it,  
Every bolt and bar,  
Figured tension, strength and pull,  
Calculated jar;  
Then his dream he did indite—  
He builded it in all men's sight.

You may see the outlines  
Of cities across a river,  
And a commercial bridge  
Joining them together;  
But I see there, cable-swung,  
A dream come true, a song well sung.

None but the dreamer dares to create,  
Only star-gazers can estimate,  
Solely by caring we build or we plan,  
For it still takes God's spirit to make a man.



## VI.—THE FOUNTAIN.

Our fountain! Genius of water, how fit it is  
We see you in the rain you symbolize.

A hundred years ago, in Munich, Von Kreling,  
An artist, dreamed of your beneficence  
And planned this monument. He had had  
enough

Of tritons, neriads, mermaids and such sprites  
For showing forth God's greatest gift to man.  
And so he told his tale with simpler folk.  
About the base four boys hold drinking spouts  
A dolphin, duck, a turtle and an eel.  
And just above the placid pool, with its  
Dark porphyry rim, four bas-relief tablets show  
Steam, water-power, navigation and fisheries.  
In between these great world powers we find  
A girl with pearls, a boy with skates, a child  
Harkening to the music of a shell,  
A lobster caught, or did it catch the boy?  
Above, in life-size figures, stands despair—  
A farmer in the drouth, and to north, a man  
Imploring rain to quench his burning home.  
To west and east we see the charming groups—  
An old man offered water by a girl,  
And a young mother leading her small boy,  
All naked and all frolicsome, to bathe.  
From the upper basin all the overflow  
Drips to the pool o'er water-plants and coral.  
The strong central column is made up  
Of tree trunks, sheltering verdure, climbing  
vines.

High above, the spirit of water stands and from  
Her outstretched, blessing hands the water pours  
In broadening spray to all. So our thanks pour  
To all who set such seal upon our city:



**To artist dreamer, and the father and son,  
The founders, Von Muller, who molded thus  
the bronze;  
And to our citizen, Probasco, who  
Gave this for us and for Tyler Davidson.**

VII.—GARFIELD STATUE, AS FIRST PLACED.

One said—"Why a man's figure make  
Of bronze, and set it up and say  
Thus shall he honored be when dead,  
All know him great who pass this way.'

"Why not instead some young boy take,  
Whose soul is yet unmolded clay;  
Or cause the hungry to be fed  
Or stop disease or crime's decay?"

The answer read—"We can't educate,  
Decree or reform all bad away,  
The world grows less when pushed than led  
By the thought 'I may be as he some day!' "



# VIII.—THE OLD SPENCER HOUSE.

Dirty, decadent, grim,  
Facing a freight car stand,  
With smoke and soot grayed dim,  
On the unwashed river strand.

You are too human still for a ghost  
Though your spirit has been set free;  
The little left is at most,  
Emanations of deviltry.

A decaying carcass cast;  
Not a skeleton's whitening bone;  
You're the present-infested past;  
Only vermin can find you a home.

How your lidless windows stare!  
Your broken doors gape wide,  
Rotting pillars of white standing there  
Seem ghastly teeth inside.

God! Can't we bury our dead?  
Must they be left till we see  
How the lacks of the past have bred  
Our present misery?

Malodorous filth will seize  
All held beyond their time,  
You're a refuge now for disease,  
A hostelry of crime.





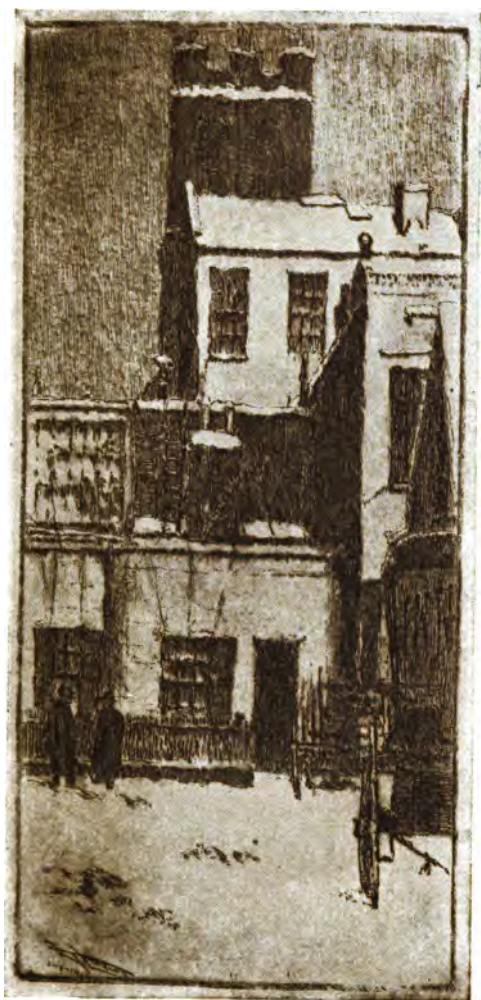
**IX.—SCOTTISH RITE CATHEDRAL FROM  
BUCHANAN ALLEY.**

Your square tower battlemented  
Standing dark, but crowned with snow,  
By its very form brings memories  
Of the long ago.

Scott's tales, romance and legend  
Of the feudal lands and knights,  
Of crusades, pilgrims, brothers-in-arms,  
Tourneys and splendid fights.

The infusion of this spirit  
Into stern work-a-day,  
Brought purpose, strength and comradeship  
That helped men on their way.

So the Scottish Rite Cathedral  
A real cathedral stands;  
Guiding men as pilgrims,  
By faith to meet Life's demands.



**X.—CARTER STREET, EAST END, ROAD TO  
CHILLICOTHE, 1789.**

**Little dead street of the long ago,  
    'Twas you that guided the pioneer,  
From Kentucky's settlements below,  
    To the forts that marked the then frontier.**

**Now you are only a square in length, the road  
    Swerved to one side and left you here;  
The railway at your end is bearing your load,  
    The traction carries your people dear.**

**They have hemmed you in with factories,  
    But a tumble-down stable is left to show  
Trails and horses are, as everyone sees  
    Only the relics of long ago.**



## **XI.—CHRIST CHURCH.**

Never to close your doors,  
Never to shut away  
The refuge and the peace,  
Till a more convenient day;

This stands to me for your crown;  
Though in all ways you are dear,  
For your ministering care and wisdom  
Have guided us many a year.

The golden cross on high  
For ages has symbol stood,  
As have the bells and spire  
Of our Christian brotherhood.

And yet how much more friendly,  
Nearer, in this hurrying day,  
Is the sign—"The church is open,  
Enter, and rest and pray."



## **XII.—AN OLD HOMESTEAD, PIKE STREET.**

For half a hundred years  
This house has held its own  
Against the push of Time;  
Now amid factories  
And fast encroaching slums,  
It dominant still abides.  
And it is still a home;  
Its genial hearth, which sent  
Forth foremost citizens,  
Still is hospitable.  
Doubly hospitable now,  
For the mansion's doors swing wide,  
Not alone to family friends,  
But to all friends of Art.





XIII.—BASKET WILLOWS OF DUCK CREEK  
ROAD.

By waving of your magic wands  
You un-ice the glittering ponds;  
Your golden touch too, wakes the Spring  
And sends the blue-bird on the wing.

You tenderly guard the nursling brook,  
Your roots provide its shelter nook;  
While strong, you hold earth for the road,  
Cleft, you welcome a straying toad.

In your great arms' motherly sweep  
You rock little breezes fast asleep,  
Was it you or the sun flung that shadow-net  
Over the green gold grass that holds me yet?

But your charm most enthralls on a summer  
night,  
When through your dark leaves gleam the fire-  
flies bright,  
While beneath, glow-worms shine in the moss  
edge deep  
Of the brook, who sings low, to the crickets'  
cheep.



#### XIV.—THE LAKE AT SPRING GROVE.

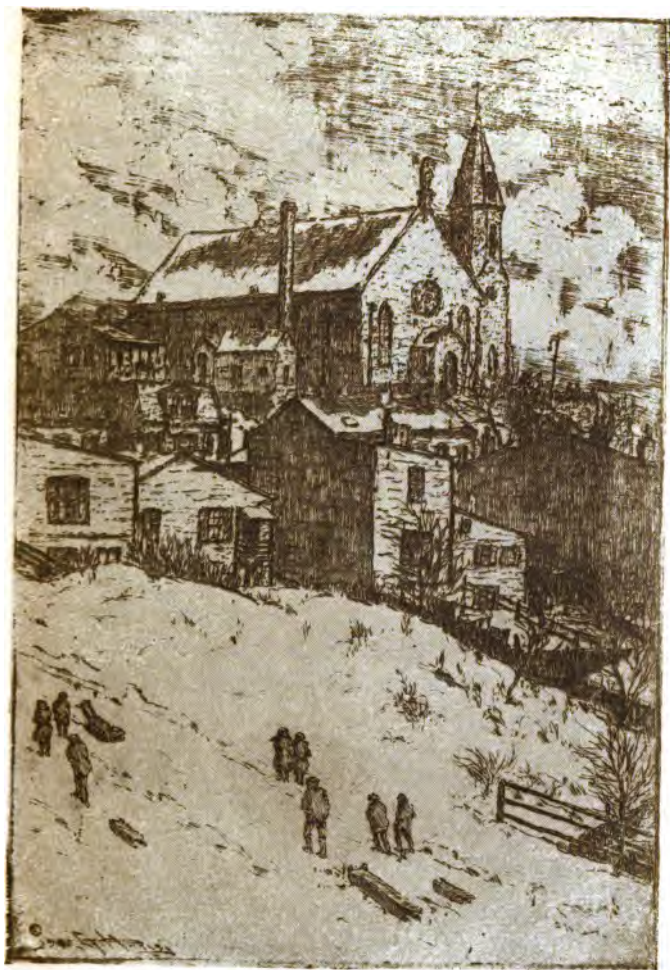
Why does the swan seem emblem of the dead?  
And this gray lake, with cloudless gray over-  
head,  
And gloaming shore, and silent dark-hued trees,  
Why do they hardly need those without leaves  
Those skeletonized by early Fall—  
To mark the solemn ending of us all?  
No monument stands white in dying day;  
The swans alone show man prepared this way,  
This waiting interlude 'twixt life and light,  
Or else this calm acceptance of the night.  
And yet we know it is not some park at eve,  
Nor shadowed-mirrored lake, far, primitive.  
Is it the swan's ghost-white or the silence there  
Broken but by the soothing, sighing air?  
The darkness deepens, we dream of those we  
love,  
And loving, grieve; we know it is Spring Grove.



## **XV.—THE CHURCH ON THE POINT, MT. ADAMS.**

Religion is the sense of relationship between a soul, its creator, and its brothers. The church is the expression of that relationship for a definite era.

Make for yourselves then, whatsoever expression of your soul's relationships suffices you, but if you scorn that which has answered any man's need, you petrify your possibilities—you deny your own God!



## XVI.—THE ROOKWOOD GATES.

Gates of the city! These stood  
At the old Court House before Rookwood  
Seeing their beauty, claimed them to be  
Worthy this place of serene dignity.

They are the wishing gates too, always open  
wide

To the real fairy-land that is just inside;  
For the rooks that seem on their pillars so still  
Have built it all by their godmother's will.

And within from a lump of common clay  
Are made shapes of delight, with a color play  
From the Indian's brown to the tiger's eye,  
From the blue-gray dawn to the sunset sky.

Gates of Beauty! High above  
Our city, among the things we love—  
The Museum, Eden Park, you seem fitting  
there.

Shall so Heaven be entered from the golden  
stair?





**XVII.—FOUNTAIN SQUARE, IN THE AUTUMN  
RAIN.**

**Rain of Winter—a downpour chill;  
Pelting across the bare, hard ground,  
Of storm and cold we have had our fill,  
We dread your sibilant, hissing sound.**

**Rain of Spring—a renewal rain,  
Washing the old, bringing the new;  
Like tears of joy coming after pain,  
We welcome the freshening patter of you.**

**Rain of Summer—a ravaging shower;  
All is bright then the door of day  
Clangs sudden shut, with a great wind's power,  
And you with the thunder and lightning play.**

**Rain of Autumn—with dripping eaves,  
And waning light, and hint of Fate;  
With your pulsing beat on the sodden leaves,  
Why do you leave us so desolate?**



XVIII.—BEND OF THE RIVER FROM  
EDEN PARK.

Oh some there be who love the sea,  
And some would stray the land,  
But give to me the river free  
Lapping its golden strand.

For the ocean hoar goes to every shore  
And on each does its will;  
While it may bear, it will never share,  
It is the tyrant still.

But the river kind, will turn and wind  
To serve is all its thought;  
From the tiniest brook to the gulf's outlook,  
See what blessings it has wrought.

No bitter brine, it feeds the kine,  
And freshens and brightens the earth;  
It was the pathway clear for the pioneer,  
It gave our city birth.

It stands for home, the sea you may roam,  
But you live by the river's side,  
Content with your lot, in the wealth it has  
brought,  
There in peace you may abide.



**XIX.—THE PLUM STREET TEMPLE.**

**B'nai Yeshurum—Sons of Israel,  
Yet sons of this great nation too;  
As you have gotten so have you given,  
How we are all indebted to you!**

**For you show Democracy's truest lesson—  
By wit and wisdom you arise;  
Patience, endurance, federation,  
Have built your temples to the skies.**

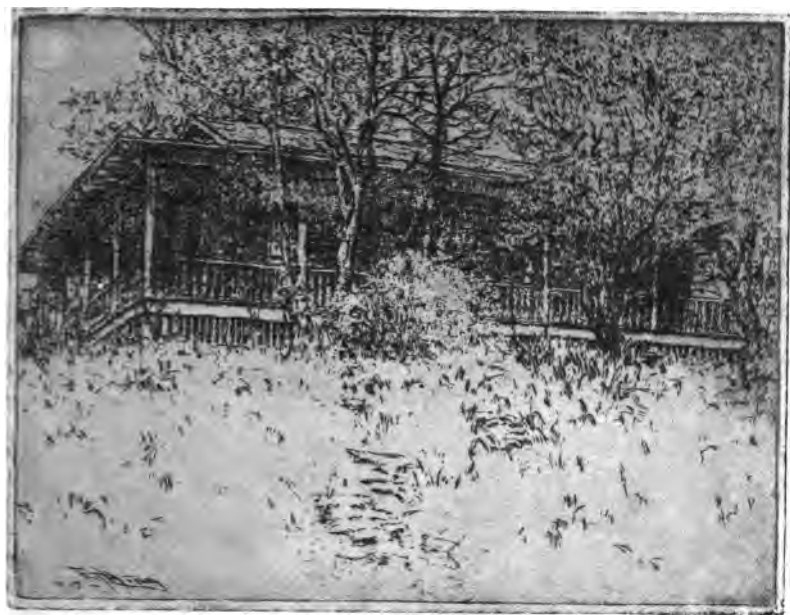


XX.—LONGWORTH COTTAGE ON GRANDIN  
ROAD.

Red lilies with attendant spears  
Guarded you in yester years,  
Your sharp hill's rough incline  
Was clambered over by many a vine.

Your sagging porches and rotting wood  
Above the winding roadway stood,  
More lovely in weather green and gray  
Than in the brave paint of your earlier day.

A bit of the old amid the new;  
A bit of the past that still holds true  
To the blossoming orchard and fruitful vine,  
To flowers, birds, gardens, children—to joy  
divine!





**XXI.—RUINS OF THE OLD HIGHLAND HOUSE,  
BY MOONLIGHT.**

I close my eyes and hear  
The strains of the Blue Danube,  
That seem to echo clear  
On this tree-crowned altitude.

The view shows hills far and wide,  
And the river flowing down,  
And by the river's side  
Our lovely smoke-wreathed town.

Thomas concerts were given here,  
In the outdoor summer weather;  
On the terrace we had good cheer,  
Or strolled 'neath the moon together.

Now the crowds who danced in the light  
Of the swung lamp's gentle glow,  
Have slipped away in the night  
To an old Strauss waltz played low.



**XXII.—ALONG THE ESPLANADE.**

The esplanade, newly made,  
From market raid, pavement laid.

The esplanade; fountain sprayed,  
Guests invade, gala arrayed.

The esplanade, circus parade,  
Gay tunes played, pink lemonade.

The esplanade, police cavalcade,  
Can't evade, must be obeyed.

The esplanade, where's the shade?  
We've essayed, but they fade.

The esplanade, join the brigade,  
Wear the gold braid, are you afraid?

The esplanade, center of trade,  
What will be displayed, in a decade?



### XXIII.—THE CANAL.

We've travelled your surface in barge and canoe,  
We've gone through your locks, a picnicking  
crew,

We've skated your ice on a clear winter's night,  
At the Basin, we gathered in gay bon-fire light.  
We've waded your sedges, we've swum in your  
flow

As you lazed through the country, a long time  
ago.

Now the city encroaching, has stolen your  
charm,

How different you are here from at the old farm!  
We can't swim these waters nor go for a row  
Beneath weeping willows, as we did long ago.



XXIV.—AN OLD CEMETERY IN THE HEART  
OF THE CITY.

Oh graveyard of the long ago,  
Forsaken to the city's din,  
Bereft of all who loved you so,  
Of all whose hearts claimed your heart's kin.

It is not sad to find you here,  
Walled in by teeming human hives;  
God's acre still, your peace brings near  
Some touch of Heaven to sordid lives.

Your withering trees and soon browned grass,  
Your leaning stones with letters blurred,  
Show reverence does not with memory pass,  
We all are brothers of those interred.

And these earlier gone, a welcome give  
To the following spawn of alien race,  
'Tis the dead provide for those who live  
For play, for rest, for prayer, a space.





XXV.—THE SUNDAY CONCERT, EDEN PARK.

Of all the gifts man gives to brother man  
The gift of joy is still the sweetest one.  
While security and faith, courage and peace  
And thought mean joy, it is not such joy I  
mean.

The old Greek joy must use the body too,  
Must share with senses five, but know them  
good.

And so a concert, heard beneath the shade  
Of leafy trees, with blue sky and brown rocks  
And silver water's gleam and groups of folk  
To watch, in summer air with odors rife,  
Cool earth and soft-pressed grass to rest upon,—  
These give us joy which we are not ashamed  
To own, to share, to profit by, to praise.



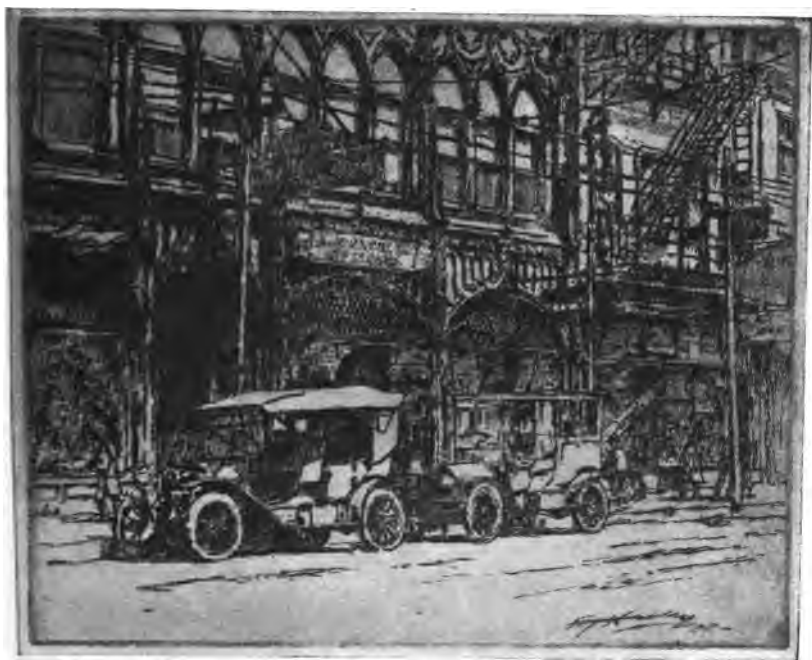
XXVI.—ENTRANCE TO THE FIRST  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

From that first grant of land by Congress given  
To John Cleves Symmes, he promised to keep  
clear

Lot twenty-nine, in every township's plot,  
For just observance of religious faith.  
And so it was with the title for the land  
This church rests on; it was given not to men  
But vowed to God, but would revert, they say,  
To numerous unproved heirs if the old church  
Were unused. So all the front is builded up  
With shops that income bring and make vain  
claim

By sheltering the church-door with gothic arch,  
To keep the contract made by men with Heaven.  
Better tear down the church and consecrate  
anew

The land to worthy purpose, shop or church,  
Than Janus-like to let trade squat  
In the old grave-yard, and smug modern marts  
Shoulder in front of pulpit, shrine and pew.  
Must Christ come back, to drive away with lash  
The money changers from the Temple gates?



XXVII.—CABS AND CABBIES.—SIXTH STREET.

In all sorts of dirty weather  
Work-worn horses and sodden men  
Used to stand weary, waiting together  
Till the curse of Chance said when.

Then whip cracking, horse limping, they  
clattered  
To some one in sorry plight;  
In the day, 'twas the accident shattered,  
'Twas the whore or the drunk at night.

Thank God for the horseless carriage,  
For the machine that can never know  
Cold or hunger, or the ravage  
Of time, nor the hurt of a blow.



XXVIII.—THE MONASTERY, MT. ADAMS.

From Immaculata gazing down  
And then across a little space,  
We come to another small hill's crown  
Of our first observatory the place.

There, high above many a clustering home,  
With grave, remote preoccupation,  
Men have searched the heavens from tower or  
dome,  
Seeking answer to prayer or a constellation.

High gleam the crosses, high shines the star,  
Below are the homes of common men;  
Yet religion and science really are  
What bring Heaven down to Humanity's ken.





XXIX.—THE BROOK AT OLIVE BRANCH.

The beeches are holding their gold,  
But the other trees are bare,  
The snow lends all its silver  
Which the sun gilds here and there.

The waters, unbound, glisten,  
Dark in the shadows and white,  
Rippling with undercurrents,  
Where shines the clear noon-light.

As there is all of summer's glory  
In this winter's frost-rimed wood,  
So bloomed the life of our city  
From such pregnant solitude.

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XXX.—PRODUCE ALLEY, NEAR LOWER  
MARKET.

The end! Pass out through the opening arch  
From the narrow court to the city street,  
We've been cloistered awhile with the past; it  
is meet

We go on with the march.

Hark to the beat of the thronging feet!

Forward is all the cry!

Turn not and sigh, nor wave goodbye;  
Leave the cool shade for the sunshine and heat;

But carry away with you

Memories deep and true,

The urge of the past, the sweet, and all too fleet,  
Visions of childhood's goal.

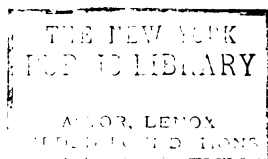
Forward, my soul!

Leave your retreat, once more the world greet;

Work and pray,

Fulfill the past in today.



















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